

# San Marcos Free Press.

L. H. JULIAN,

17TH YEAR

SAN MARCOS, HAYS COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1890.

PROPRIETOR.

NUMBER 32.

## FREE PRESS.

Office, Travis' New Building, San Marcos street, one square from Bell's corner.

Published weekly and entered at the postoffice at San Marcos, Texas, as second class matter.

### RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, in advance, \$1.50  
Six months, " " .75  
Three months, " " .40

The above rates include the prepayment of postage by us. Sample copies sent free. Single copies 5 cents.

Any of our friends who wish to see a special paper by giving us the names of any persons within their knowledge who would be likely to subscribe for the Free Press, so that we may send specimen copies to such persons.

Legal and Transient Advertisements will be charged One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents per square for each additional insertion. A square is the space of one inch. Fractional squares will be charged as full squares.

Particulars given on application, personally or by letter, as to advertising for longer periods. Terms liberal.

Business Cards, one inch or less, one year, \$1. Cards in Business Directory, one year, \$2.

Local and business notices will be charged one cent per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

### OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

GOVERNOR—GEO. W. MOORE, of Fayette County.

COMMISSIONER—GEO. W. MOORE, of Fayette County.

CLERK—J. H. MOORE, of Fayette County.

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## TO ADVERTISERS.

The Free Press as an Advertising Medium.

The Free Press is a leading local newspaper, the best advertising medium, and has the best printing office between Austin and San Antonio. It circulates considerably northward as well as south. A live paper, devoted to the development and progress of the country. Jeffersonian Democratic in politics. The Free Press has been published by its present proprietor for sixteen years. It is well established, and gaining steadily in public favor. Special attention is called to the character of its circulation. It goes among the best class of well-to-do farmers and business men. In this respect it has no superior in the State. Write for advertising rates.

WHAT GEO. P. HOWELL & CO. SAY.

The well-known advertising agency of Geo. P. Howell & Co., of New York City, have issued an annual Newspaper Directory for over thirty years, and these publications have been generally recognized as authority as to the matter newspaper circulation. In the regular issue of the Directory they have included all the newspapers published in the United States and Canada. Recently, however, they have issued a condensed list. It gives only the best newspapers as advertising mediums, and hence is practically better, because more convenient, than their larger Directory. Four-fifths of the newspapers of the United States are practically "counted out" by intelligent advertisers, who only want to know the name. Hence the value of the work under notice. The publishers in the preface well say: "It sifts the wheat from the chaff. It directs the attention of an advertiser toward papers which he should and ought to use, and tends to intercept a portion of that patronage which goes to publications which cost greatly in excess of any power to benefit which they possess. It takes the general ground that the best is the cheapest."

We need scarcely say that on this plan the Free Press is given by this book (see page 156) as the advertising medium of San Marcos and Hays county being thereby one of the best. We respectfully invite the attention of advertisers, both at home and abroad, to this fact.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### BANKERS.

GLOVER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN MARCOS, North side Plaza.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN MARCOS, Southeast Corner Plaza.

### JEWELRY AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

GEO. W. KNIGHT, near South-west corner Plaza.

### DENTISTS.

D. R. J. H. COMBS, Judge Wood's New Building, upstairs.

### DRUGGISTS.

RAYMOND & DANIEL, North side Plaza.

### DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

P. T. TALBOT, Next door to First National Bank.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Northwest corner Plaza.

DAILEY & BRO., Southwest Corner Plaza.

### GROCERIES.

R. W. LEAVELL, South side Public Plaza.

THOMAS TAYLOR East Side Plaza.

HARDY & CO., North side Plaza.

### WATCHMAKERS & JEWELERS.

W. H. ROBBINS, North side Plaza.

### GROCERIES & HARDWARE.

W. M. GIBSON, South side Plaza.

### MILLINERY.

MRS. RICHARDSON, nearly opposite Nance's Furniture Store.

### SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

J. R. PORTER, North Side the Square.

### DRS. J. H. AND J. W. COMBS.

Office—North Side Public Square, San Marcos, - - - TEXAS.

### C. G. MEAD,

Successor to E. L. Christian & Co.

Sash, Doors, Blinds, LUMBER and Shingles.

SAN MARCOS, - - - TEXAS.

Isaac H. Julian, NOTARY PUBLIC,

SAN MARCOS, - - TEXAS.

Letters of inquiry concerning any matter of business or legal interest, accompanied by a stamp for reply, will receive prompt attention.

Office Free Press Building.

### DETROIT

HALF THE COST of building saved by using Detroit Lumber. Builders, Farmers, Manufacturers, Contractors and others. Admitted to be the greatest improvement EVER made in building. FULFILLING AND SAVING WORKERS. 300 Branches, Detroit, Mich. Established 1870.

## BROKEN OUT!



How often do we see this on the faces of children and, alas, of people who otherwise are healthy? What causes it? Bad Blood. The thought is terrible; the trouble is worse. No ordinary help can remove it. It requires something unusual. Do not take cheap sarsaparilla or blood purifiers. You must have something that has proven its power in both Europe and America. General Wheatcroft Nelson, of London, says: "My experience in the English army, as well as in America, convinces me that nothing so thoroughly purifies the blood, or adds to the health, vigor and life, as Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir."

This grand Elixir is sold by druggists in all parts of America. It is a good, pure, honest medicine. Try it to-day.

## F. C. BAILEY,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE, CARPETS,

—AND—

UNDERTAKERS' GOODS.

—CALL AND SEE THE—

BAILEY PATENT MOSQUITO BAR FRAMES.

The best Folding Frame ever made.

—CHINESE STRAW MATTING—

From the cheapest to the best grade.

## CHAS. SINZ,

Contractor

and Builder,

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS.

Makes out Plans and Specifications and Executes the work. May be found at the Lumber yard of G. Mead, near passenger depot.

## If You Have

CONSUMPTION COUGH OR COLD

BRONCHITIS Throat Affection

SCROFULA Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Poor Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

## SCOTT'S

EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by All Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

Our Clipping List for 1890.

We are prepared to club the FREE PRESS to new or renewing subscribers with the following publications at the rates specified below, if ordered at the same time with our paper. In the first column we give the regular price each publication usually in the second the price of the same and the Free Press together.

With the Free Press	Single.
Austin Statesman.....	\$1.00
Galveston News.....	1.25
N. Y. Weekly World.....	1.00
St. Louis Republic.....	1.00
N. Y. Ledger.....	1.00
New Orleans Times Democrat.....	1.00
Cincinnati Courier Journal.....	1.00
Cincinnati Enquirer.....	1.00
Standard N. Y. (Henry Geo.).....	1.00
Times Herald.....	1.00
Farm and Ranch.....	1.00
Detroit Free Press.....	1.00
Saturday Evening Post.....	1.00
New York Observer.....	1.00
Atlantic Constitution.....	1.00
American Agriculturist.....	1.00
Scientific American.....	1.00
Century Magazine.....	1.00
St. Nicholas.....	1.00
Harpers' Young People.....	1.00
Youth's Companion.....	1.00
Atlantic Monthly.....	1.00
Lippincott's Magazine.....	1.00
Illustrated London News.....	1.00
Pharmaceutical Journal.....	1.00
Petersen's Magazine.....	1.00
Popular Science Monthly.....	1.00
Good Housekeeping.....	1.00
Golden Days.....	1.00
Harpers' Monthly.....	1.00
"Racer".....	1.00
Godley's Lady's Book.....	1.00
Women's Magazine.....	1.00
Democrat's Monthly.....	1.00
Harpers' Magazine.....	1.00
Golden Days.....	1.00
Our Little Ones.....	1.00
Home and Farm.....	1.00

## From the Saturday Evening Post.

Better than them all.

A moderate share of wealth is good. To cheer us on our way, For it has oftentimes the power To make December May, And so is beauty, so is health, Or genius at our call; But a happy, hopeful, loving heart Is better than them all.

A heart that gathers hope and faith From every springing flower; That smiles alike at winter storm And gentle summer shower; That blesses God for every good; Or whether great or small; Oh! a happy, hopeful, loving heart Is better than them all.

'Tis well to hold the wand of power Or wear an honored name, And blush to hear the mighty world Re-echo with our fame; 'Tis well if on our path the smiles Of kings and nobles fall; But to have a happy, trusting heart Is better than them all.

A heart that with the music notes Of music is beguiled; A heart that loves the pleasant face Of every little child; That seeks weakness in distress; And heave's duty's call; Oh! such a loving, human heart Is better than them all.

## THE CHEMIST'S STORY.

I am a chemist. I am the occupant of this responsible and important position in the medical college of P—.

It was about 11 o'clock on a stormy evening that I had good night to my student, Tom Richards, at the door of my laboratory, at the south end of the college buildings.

Tom was very anxious to know what would keep me up after 12 o'clock, so I told him I was about to commence analyzing the stomach of a Mrs. Johnson, whose husband lay in P— jail, just across the road from the college, on suspicion that he was the murderer.

As Tom was passing out of the college yard through the gate, his head turned, and bidding me good night, he brushed against a man standing with his back to the college and his face to the prison. The street lamp showed me that the man was in police uniform.

Re-entering my laboratory I took down a glass jar from the shelf and set down behind my sink to examine it. An hour had passed since the departure of young Richards. I had labored hard to discover traces of the poison in all this, but had been unsuccessful. Joe Johnson, the suspected man, had been a student of mine a few years before. I thought him a good hearted, intelligent fellow, only a little wild, and really began to hope that he might prove innocent, when, among the unaccounted food, I came upon a small, infinitesimal white grain. By careful manipulation and the use of my magnifying glass I managed to get this upon a piece of smoked glass and examined it.

I was then certain I had discovered arsenic, but to make assurance doubly sure I determined to apply a well known test for that poison.

"Yes," I exclaimed, as I saw the fatal blazon, "Joe Johnson is the murderer of his wife! With the evidence of that mark to back me no power can save him."

"Do you really think so?" said a calm voice behind me.

I turned quickly and discovered a tall, lank policeman, having red, watery eyes, standing at my office door and staring in. His body looked as if it had been rolled out long before his hands like a molasses candy stick. He had no expression at all in his face, and his policeman's hat was so large that it threatened to settle down on his shoulders. His uniform reassured me and I addressed him with some impatience.

"My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest, or what is your purpose?"

"I was police surgeon as well as coroner. 'Don't bother, professor; the man isn't dead yet, but they say he will be before morning.'"

"What's the matter with him?"

"Brain disorder, I mean something wrong here."

I touched my forehead, and so did he as he said: "Ay, as I thought I'd drop in and tell you if you were going to the station to-morrow to take a look and see if it is post mortem or not. Besides I wanted to see where I could always find you in case of need."

I bowed, and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink, and while his eyes wandered about like one who felt himself called upon to say something, he said:

"Professor, there has been an accident this afternoon—terrible, too."

"What was it?"

"Nitro glycerine explosion up in the iron mills—a hundred fellow mortals busted."

"Sad!"

"Affecting, very." Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "Professor, what is that nitro glycerine?"

"It's a very dangerous article," I answered, happy to display my knowledge. "It has nearly twice the destructiveness of gunpowder, but, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red hot coal dropped into it will not explode. It will freeze. It is yellow and greasy."

"You don't mean to say so," said the officer, interrupting me in disagreeable tones in the middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Why, but you haven't told me how it goes off. If the fire won't burst it, what is (hem)—will?"

"It would blow the entire building to atoms," said I, resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach.

"No?" I heard the policeman remark in deliberate Yankee tones, "you don't say so?"

The next moment I lay on my back, a gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman and the first thing that functional did was—looking me straight in the face—to take off his nose. He then rid himself of his eyebrows, hair and cap, and became a determined looking fellow, with the eyes of a fiend and the nose of a Roman.

"So you think," said the metamorphosed, in the tones of a gentleman, "that nothing can save J. Johnson from the rope? Poor fellow! It does look like it! But my dear professor, Joe Johnson is fortunate enough to have in me a devoted friend as well as brother. I have undertaken to save him, and he shall be saved. In order to accomplish this end it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear professor—I am sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well."

"Your death must apparently result from accident—at least so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail and they will not suspect him, and they certainly will not suspect me."

What terrible deed was in this brain hatching—was he going to murder me? Was it myself who was to hang, instead of Johnson?

No; yes. He placed the line pulley like over an arm of a hanging chandelier. This was altogether too slight a support even for one of my tender frame. It was not to be hanging them. Under the weight on the floor he placed a can of nitro-glycerine; I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse, and it would burn in sixty minutes. It would run across the marble slab; there was no hope of igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

"Do you begin to see through it?" asked Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him with my eyes. I could only breathe through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead. Drawing a match from his pocket he lighted and applied it to the fuse; that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, to kill him at the end of it—that little irresponsible terror that, less merciful than Providence, told a man the second he was to die, it fright and horror averted him to himself. Slowly the flames crept snake like around the twine.

"In one hour," said the prisoner's brother, "you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour, and the other half you will spend alone."

He sat down some minutes in a chair watching the flame. Then he arose and took a piece of porcelain, with the word "arsenic" on it, from the table, and shook his head gloomily.

"I am chemist enough to know it is arsenic," he said. "Yes, those bright, metallic eyes, a betrayal of the guilty! Science, that would kill my brother—don't shut save him. Let me see in whose hands thou art the most powerful."

The half hour wore slowly away. Oh, heaven! What agony did I suffer! Not for myself, but for my child. The fuse burned on—on. The half hour is up. The brother of the murderer rises to go.

"Commit your soul to God's keeping," he said. "You hold the evidence of my brother's guilt—nothing can save you now."

With that he turned to take his hat from off the table covered with the crimson cloth beneath which hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention. He held out his hands and reached forward. I thought he had discovered my boy. No; he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery. In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderer's brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires; he was helpless. How my boy cried for help! The old college rang with his voice. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in agony. In an instant a great length burned away. It would just last five minutes and no more.

"Father!" shouted my boy, "if no assistance comes this villain must die with me. I dare not free him. Help! help!"

Alas! I could not answer him. Thank God! But some one else did. The fuse is burned up. The rope is on fire—the nitro glycerine! The door opens; Tom Richards, on a midnight visit to the sick, has heard the cry; he comprehends all; seizes the can in his hand, the weight descends indeed, but not on the death dealing oil. No; down it goes through the office floor—down, down like an evil spirit, to give back a dull metallic echo from the stones of the cellar beneath.

Joe Johnson, the prisoner, was hanged, but his brother remains unpunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife and thus escaped the hangman's noose.—H. H. in Atlantic Constitution.

## The First Horse Trotting.

The first public horse race in America was trotted in 1818 in New York. It had been asserted that there was not a horse in the country which could trot a mile in three minutes. Maj. William Jones, of Long Island, and Col. Bond, of Maryland, sustained the opposition and brought out the horse Boston Blue, which won the race. His time was given as three minutes. Previous to this, however—in June, 1806—the horse Yankee is reported to have trotted at Harlem, N. Y., in 2:30 on a short track, and Boston Blue is credited with having made a mile at Philadelphia in 1810 in 2:45.—Detroit Free Press.

## SAVE MONEY.

Our Mr. Walter Denny has just left for the eastern markets to purchase Fall Stock, and in order to make room for same, we will for the next 60 days sell at

Greatly Reduced Rates for Cash.

We are no Mount Blanco, Bragadocio Cheap John Outfit, but will sell you good goods at prices that

## DEFY COMPETITION!

## MID-SUMMER

## BARGAINS!

Clark's C. N. T. Spool cotton, at 45c per dozen.

"Fruit of the Loom" Domestic, at 10c.

Quilting Calico, 25 yards for \$1.00.

Gents' Shoes on the bargain table at cost.

Some Goods in all Departments at cost.

12 yards Pacific Lawn for \$1.00.

We keep constantly on hand a nice line of Joan Pants, Overalls, Work Shirts and Clothing to please all. Come and secure bargains.

## DENNY BROS. & DENNY.

SAN MARCOS, TEX.

## A Boy Congress.

After the house adjourned Congressman Belden, of New York, brought the gavel down with great dignity and called the pages to order, writes Amos J. Cummings. A page three times moved that the house go into committee of the whole on the state of the Union for the consideration of a bill increasing the salaries of the employees of the house. Belden put the question with the most profound gravity and it was carried. Thereupon the genial congressman called the smallest page on the floor to the chair, retired to his seat and enjoyed the fun for an hour or more.

Then a low headed page moved that the committee rise and report the bill favorably to the house. The motion was carried, and Mr. Belden again resumed the chair. The three foot page descended the steps and appeared at the bar. He reported the